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CROSBY HALL.

On Wednesday evening, January 8th, we were attracted to Crosby Hall by the announcement of Miss Mounsey's third concert of chamber music. The programme was of a mixed kind—containing music of the best and most indifferent calibre. Purcell's anthem, "Behold I bring you good tidings," entrusted to Messrs. Francis, Lockey, and J. A. Novello, was, we regret to say, concluded before we arrived. A *recitative* and *aria*, from Dr. Crotch's *Palestine*, "O Jerusalem," was delivered impressively by Mr. Novello—but we think better things are to be found in that esteemed oratorio, one of the very few English attempts at the highest order of musical composition. A *trio*, by the Abbé Vogler, "He is blessed who cometh," interpreted by Miss Dolby, Mr. Francis, and Mr. Novello, is in no way distinguished by invention or melody—being, in short, little more than a bundle of trite sequences. The character and talent of the Abbé Vogler are manifestations of the wide distinction between eccentricity and genius. A more odd person in his habits, or a more sparkling one in his conversation, can hardly be cited—but a sorrier composer, if the *ideal* be a requisite in art, we do not wish to make acquaintance with. Vogler was a kind of musical Vanini—a quack lecturer, who wandered about in search of a name, like Peter Schlemil in search of a shadow—and with as little real success. If Vanini deserved burning for the nonsense he talked about theology and the schoolmen (who were as mad as himself)—surely Vogler merited solitary confinement for the wild doctrines he broached on matters of art. An anthem, composed by Dr. Mendelssohn, expressly for Miss Mounsey's concerts, was performed for the first time, by Miss Rainforth and a chorus. We will not venture an opinion on the work of so great a master (a very different man from the Abbé Vogler), after only one hearing—and one, moreover, by no means satisfactory, for though Miss Rainforth sang with impassioned expression and evident comprehension of the composer's meaning, neither she nor the chorus were so thoroughly at home, as we are sure both she and the chorus would have desired—if only for the sake of Dr. Mendelssohn. We should greatly like to see this anthem if it be printed. Can our excellent friends, the Messrs. Ewer, or Alfred Novello, tell us anything of the matter? The

air, "Golden columns," from *Solomon* (sung by Mr. Francis), is one of the most trivial and uninteresting of the vocal compositions of Handel. The *trio*, "Loud proclaim," from Spohr's *Fall of Babylon*, is too chromatic to please a general audience, and, moreover, requires to be thoroughly known by the vocalists, which was not altogether the case on Wednesday evening. Miss Dolby's rendering of the *O Salutaris Hostia*, of Cherubini (the words Englished for the occasion), was, though exceedingly clever; too florid for the simplicity of the air. The chorus "Marvellous are thy works," from the *Creation*, was capitally sung by the whole company—and with this ended the first part.

The second part opened with an organ solo, played with great spirit by Miss Mounsey. The composition—an introduction and air with variations, by a composer not undeservedly forgotten, Hesse—is, however, insipid, and unworthy the attention of modern organists. The "Christmas Hymn," arranged by Mr. Novello, in a simple and natural style, was very nicely sung. An air by Weber, "My wound still burns," has but slight merit. Mr. Francis could make little of it, though he expressed it well. A *corale*, by Prince Albert, "With glory clad," was beautifully sung by the entire company. Beethoven's "Song of the Quail" is a *chef-d'œuvre* in the hands of Miss Rainforth, who won for it, as usual, a deserved and unanimous encore. The vocal gem of the evening was, perhaps, Miss Dolby's "O thou that tellest." The flowing and abundant melody of this beautiful song was poured forth by the vocalist with exquisite feeling, and the audience testified their approval by the loudest applause. We were here compelled to depart, and thereby lost an air by Neukomm, sung by Mr. Novello, and a chorus from the talented pen of Miss Mounsey, the concert-giver. The next performance will take place on Wednesday, the 29th inst.

The seventh, eighth, and ninth numbers of a new weekly journal have been placed in our hands, containing violent attacks upon the *MUSICAL WORLD*, and one of its contributors, couched in terms of vulgar ribaldry. The aim of these attacks is to incite us, by means of coarse invective, to engage in a wordy battle with the writer—but we shall not accord to the ravings of an unknown hireling, the advantage of publicity

in our columns. We prefer leaving him to the dense obscurity which broods over his effusions like an impenetrable fog. Having made a promise to our readers, we intend to keep it. No imputations however specious, no slanders however malignant, shall force us to violate our pledge.

So long as *public efforts* alone are brought into the critical arena, we are ready to meet any opponent who may think us worth a challenge—but we cannot defile ourselves with the slime of personal abuse, nor degrade our calling by indulging in the vice of the meanest organs of the press—inventing and publishing calumnies against private character. In literary and critical disputes, we have invariably dealt with our opponents in their public capacities—their friends, their relations, their persons, their foibles, their affections, their misfortunes, have ever been sacred to us. Only the most degraded—only the irretrievably lost to every consciousness of decency and honor, could be capable of twisting a controversy—on matters of tendency entirely public, and allowably (by the conventionalities of the respectable press) discussable, into an assault on private character, an impeachment of private motives, an endeavor to shake the confidence of private friendships, and a heartless ridicule of private affections. And yet, reader, such a one—to whom these infamies are light matters, and who has unhesitatingly employed them, to save himself from the ridicule heaped upon his literary insignificance—has the folly to hope for the honor of a continued controversy with the *MUSICAL WORLD*. But no—we dismiss him, with the contempt with which we would repudiate the offered advertisements of publications unfit for the eye of virtue and the touch of innocence. We defy the poison, but we scorn to advertize the name of the poisoner.

Musings of a Musician.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

"Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Notes, notes, forsooth, and nothing!"

SHAKESPEARE.

No. III.

MUSICAL PROGRESS IN ENGLAND.

There is a highly popular poetical idea, still extant, that life is like a river. It may be possible that in the bygone time, when this notion was first conceived, the calm flow of human existence might fully warrant such a simile; but the attempt to apply it to the present day is a manifest absurdity.

Life is, now, a mighty railway, on which that powerful engine, Public Opinion, hurries us onward at a rate never dreamed of by our forefathers. Some there are, indeed, who insist upon throwing their cloaks around them, and grumbling moodily in a corner—others will laugh and refuse to admit that they are moving at all; but wise men leave the grumblers and the laughers to themselves, and, looking from the carriage windows, endeavor to ascertain the direction we are taking.

In this universal movement forwards, and the consequent struggle for precedence, the arts must, of course, partake of the feverish nature of the time. Books, to ensure a ready sale, must now be profusely illustrated (no matter whether well or ill); literature, by excessive competition, has become a drug in the market, and operas are written almost as fast as they can be copied. The object is not to charm by excellence but to startle by novelty—to excite by a succession of ideas rather than to allow the judgment to dwell upon any one.

But although all the fine arts have thus accommodated themselves to the general tone of the day, perhaps, no one has been so powerfully influenced by it as music.

We have been told that the Creator, to delight the eye of man, has covered the face of the earth with the richest varieties of color; whilst the air is filled with delicious sounds to enchant the ear. Let us suppose, now, that the most beautiful of these colors were collected together, and, by an ingenious contrivance, passed so rapidly before us, that the eye

had scarcely time to rest upon any one. Should we not feel (however we might admire the confused and glittering toy) that had a powerful mind been employed in arranging these elements systematically, so as to form one grand and perfect design, a calm and rational pleasure would have been substituted for a restless and uneasy one. Although, however, this fact is almost universally admitted with regard to color, yet in music, which should be the most artistic and intellectual combination of sound, these considerations do not seem to be so generally acknowledged.

A great portion of the fashionable performance of the present day consists of a series of notes, striking upon the ear in quick succession, and chiefly pleasing from their very rapidity. The hand, and not the head, is the fortune of the modern pianoforte player; and true musical feeling ranks second to long fingers. If a performer can put the whole pianoforte fairly out of tune in five minutes, it is a feat to be proud of; and should he audibly break two strings, his fame is established for ever. In these displays of musical sleight of hand the beauty and eloquence of the art are, to a certain extent, lost sight of; and many of the audience pay large sums for a seat near the pianist, in order (as they say) to "look at his fingers." Like the conjurors, however, his great aim is to baffle their scrutiny: his "hands are quicker than their eyes;" and although many afterwards purchase his works, and attempt to imitate him, few, indeed, can ever attain the perfection of the original wizard.

Instrumental performance, however, surprising as it is, has not advanced with more rapid strides than the other branches of the art. As everybody now purchases music, it is obvious that the market must be supplied somehow; the consequence is that everybody that can write *does* write, as a matter of duty to the public, and the music-shops are laden with songs, duets, trios, and neat ballads adapted to family use. Grand operas, too, are composed and produced with a promptitude truly wonderful; gorgeous scenery, dresses, and decorations are called in to their aid, and the eye and the ear are thus gratified in equal proportions; two or three songs throw the audience into a state of delirium; the music shops reap a golden harvest; and, as soon as the public have sufficiently recovered to test the real merits of the production—*presto!* another opera from the same pen bursts upon them, and its predecessor is instantly consigned to oblivion.

Thus, much of our music, like much of our cloth, is not made to last, but to look glossy and please for a time: the supply must invariably equal the demand; and, in these days, if we feel that we cannot reverence a composer for his genius, we must at least do him the justice to praise him for his industry.

This tendency to excite by continual novelty, and to substitute showy mediocrity for sterling worth, has created much alarm amongst those who are too apt to view matters merely on the surface; and many musical enthusiasts are perpetually enquiring what remedy would be most serviceable in so dangerous a crisis. To this I would reply, most positively, that no remedy is at all called for; the few unhealthy symptoms apparent at the present moment are by no means proofs of a rooted disease; they are mere growing pains, which will totally cease as the art gradually advances to maturity. Music is, at this moment, in a transition state; it will no longer submit to be held in check by the few, but boldly insists upon asserting its dignity and power to the many.

I have before said that we are moving onwards, in all things, at a rate almost incredible; and it is from the settled conviction that we are moving onwards that I am most sanguine as to the result. In this state of progression men invariably arise solely formed by, and appealing to, the exaggerated views of the time. A few years after their death their names are almost forgotten, but an impression has often been produced by their presence which it is impossible to efface; and although we would not submit to be guided by their tenets during their lifetime, no sooner have they ceased to exist than we begin to discover that there was really some good in them. It is in this light, therefore, that I am disposed to view the over-productive composers and agile pianists of the day. The chaste and classical pianoforte works of Mozart and Beethoven (so eloquent to the musical student) lack that brilliancy and dash which are requisite to recommend them to the public at large: the operatic works of Shield, Arne, and others, have an antiquated effect upon the ear, which is found to be scarcely in accordance with the spirit of the age. Acting, then, upon a knowledge of this fact, instrumental composers and operatic writers have started into popularity by simply ministering to this altered taste, and urging it forwards to such an extent as almost to lose sight of the true principles of the art itself. Although the temporary effect of this may be bad, it is the good sense of the public alone which can remedy it. When any thing is pushed to an extreme, it must eventually reduce us to the consideration of first principles; and when music shall have advanced to this point, there will be no difficulty in retaining what is good and rejecting what is bad.

There may, however, be much truth in the doctrines of these reckless innovators. It is possible that a greater degree of brilliancy than our ancestors have been accustomed to may be required even in the best

instrumental compositions; it is also possible that modern operatic works may require a more popular and genial style than many have hitherto thought necessary; and, as it must be borne in mind that the art can be no longer kept amongst artists alone, it at least behoves us to give these matters our due consideration; at all events we should look upon those men who have thus become the popular idols, as pioneers in a good cause, and, if we would criticise, endeavor rather to praise what is good in them than to rail at what is bad. We can do little by division—much by unity. Let us, therefore, in reflecting on the present state of music, think not so much of what it *is*, as of what it *will be*; let us endeavor to find a good word for all; and, throwing aside pedantry and prejudice, as useless incumbrances, think but of the ultimate good of the art, and its general diffusion amongst the people.

THE CHAPEL ROYAL, DUBLIN CASTLE.

(From a Correspondent.)

The establishment, situated within the precincts of the castle of Dublin, is, we may say, of recent date, having been built some time between the years 1816 and 1820, during (we believe) the vice-royalty of Earl Whitworth. It demands a short notice at our hands, from its being one of the few places in Ireland in which a regular establishment of a choir is kept up and paid for by the country; forming part of the Lord Lieutenant's household for the time being. The service is chaunted and an anthem sung every Sunday, on Christmas-day, and on Good Friday; the whole is under the superintendence of the dean of the Chapel Royal, the Rev. Mr. Tighe. The choir consists of too few to be very effective, consisting of only four men and four boy-singers, who are paid; a few supernumerary boys (who wait for the first vacancy amongst the paid boys), and the organist. The names of the gentlemen employed are Mr. John Barton, Mr. William McGhie, the Messrs. Rossington, and Mr. William Henry White, the latter one of the cleverest and best organists and pianists that Dublin can produce, and, as a musician, both practical and theoretical, one of the very few in Ireland who have studied their profession scientifically. He will, no doubt, eventually enjoy the benefit of his talents in fortune and reputation. His arrangements of several anthems by the old masters, from the score, show his taste and skill as a musician and organist. His salary is £32 a year, Irish currency. The salaries of the singers vary from £30 to £50 per annum. The boys receive £20 a year, together with instruction from Mr. McGhie, who is master. The duty of the choir is to attend every Sunday, for divine service, at twelve o'clock, for the Lord Lieutenant, his staff, household, and servants. The seats not occupied are free to the public, who avail themselves of the privileges to hear the services and anthems performed. The choir are also obliged to attend on every Friday, to rehearse the chaunts, service, &c. for the following Sunday. The composers, from whose works the selections are made, are Purcell, Croft, Green, Nares, Boyce, Kent, Aldridge, King, Walsh, Sir John Stevenson, and Doctor John Smith, the state composer of music in Ireland, who enjoys a pension of £100 a year for the eminent services he has rendered to the cathedral, and his compositions for the church, in the way of anthems, services, &c. &c., which are daily heard in perfection at the Dublin Cathedral. The choir should have infused into them more vigour by the addition of a few more voices to strengthen the chorus, which, as a Chapel Royal, it is fully entitled to, especially as it is the only one in Ireland. The expense would be a trifle of about £150 or £200 a year, which surely the government would hardly deny in such a case, together with a new organ, the present instrument being a disgrace, and in no way suited to the building. The Dublin Chapel Royal is one of the most elegantly finished buildings in the kingdom. The interior is splendidly adorned. The oak carvings and the several coats of arms, carved, of the various noblemen who have served the vice-royalty, are beautiful specimens of art, together with the magnificent Italian stained glass window, the gift of Earl Whitworth, who procured it in Italy, render this chapel an object of peculiar interest to all visitors to Dublin. It is freely shown to strangers, who make proper application to Mr. North, the keeper, and will amply repay a visit. We must not forget to notice another gentleman who is connected with the music of the castle, though not with the church; we allude to the conductor of music to the Lord Lieutenant's band, Mr. Thomas Kelly, a good leader, a good musician, and a good fellow. He has enjoyed his post for many years, and we hope he may for many to come. He possesses the happy knack of pleasing every body. His band at the castle balls and concerts consists generally of from twenty-five to thirty performers. He is the reigning monarch of music among the *haut ton* in Dublin, and is also director at the Dublin Almshouses and garrison balls. If he takes under his adjudication a set of waltzes, polkas, or quadrilles, by his band, they are

stamped forthwith as fashionable—a great thing now-a-days. He is the Monsieur Jullien of Dublin amongst the nobility and gentry, and is fully deserving the honour. We shall in a future number give a few more hints regarding the state of music and its prospects in the Irish metropolis and Ireland generally.

W. G.

SONG FOR MUSIC.

Alice was like a morn of spring;
I sought her love, with many sighs,
Till none but love songs could she sing—
I loved her for her loving eyes!
Bertha was like an autumn eve;
O, such still ways, such low replies!
Save love songs none could I conceive.
And I forgot those loving eyes.
But winter, Alice, strips the thorn;
Bare stands the sparrow's empty nest;
And ruddy berries still adorn
Love's place,—less winter'd than my breast.
However it may be, by and bye,
Bertha! my heart is such a ghost,
I think that it will one day die
Into its dreariness, almost.

C. P.

THE MORNING CLOUD.

By Miss Christiana Weller.

'Twas on a sweeter morn
Than e'er had breathed before in Spring,
One gentle cloud was born,
Of seraph shape and golden wing;
A heavenly thing of light and love,
Fairest, when all was fair above.
A zephyr woo'd it on
Amid the blue ethereal sky,
Earth watched the gentle one
In all its sunlit ecstasy,
And lent it sweets from many a flower,
Pure incense of that morning hour!
The timid wind afar was sent
Thro' that vast spreading firmament,
With the frail offspring of the day;
And softly then it died away.
Deep was the zephyr's rest!
The wandering cloud obeyed its will,
And, in a sunbeam drest,
Lay motionless and still:
A dimpled lake was stretched below,
And mirror'd the young creature's glow.
And calm that bright stream grew
Within its circling emerald shore,
Pure as the skies in hue,
While Heaven's own peaceful gaze it wore.
The image on its bosom smiled,
Earth claimed it as her heav'n born child:
And there it dwelt, a holy tie,
A link to happier realms on high,
Sweet emblem of divinity!
But dewy morn was all its life—
The day might end in storm and strife,
The lovely cloud be borne along
Amid a dark tumultuous throng.
To breath destruction o'er that bliss
Its loveliness had stooped to kiss.
That tranquil deep, that silent stream,
Woke from its early joyous dream,
Might rise in fearful wrath and power,
Ere yet had sighed sad evening's hour.
The brightest joy this world may know,
Ends oftener in tears and woe!
But fate had wreathed a happier spell
Around that spirit's transient day,
Ere sorrow rang its mortal knell,
The rosy cloud, at fairy play,
In heaven had melted far away.

Original Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

My dear Sir,

Since you have publicly stated that the method of delivering opinions shall be henceforward free from personalities, and in temperate spirit, I resume my pen in confidence. You may safely rely on my fulfilling your excellent wishes to the utmost extent possible; for I am too happy to find an editor of the most profound and agreeable science known to man, who so feels his high position, as to abandon ungenerous invective—to lay aside all petty jealousies and hostile feelings, in order to make room for manly straight-forward conduct, daring to meet truth full in the face without disguise. Such resolutions, if strictly carried, will not only raise the tone of the *Musical World*, but its editor may with certainty be acknowledged to be the very first man who ever conducted a musical periodical in the spirit of a truly scientific man—an harmonious character, and a gentleman. Surely rough minds are most at home when using rough language; and minds familiarized to write or speak roughly will always think roughly, and are too hardened to handle others with becoming delicacy. Permit me, then, as one of your subscribers, to congratulate you for the promise held out in your admirable leader of Jan. 2nd. This is an excellent beginning of the new year, and augurs a good omen for the future. I will not further trespass on your valuable space, since you inform your readers that you have much in hand which calls for your immediate attention; but if perfectly agreeable to you, I will answer your correspondent "Musica" next week, who has a little misunderstood me respecting the intervals in music. I will here just observe that I do not approve of Rameau's theory of chords of supposition;—it is as if a child said to me, "I see a ghost!"—Nor do I see the force of "Musica's" argument against the "Contrapuntists' Society," for it goes no further than saying, religion is bad because its professors are not good. It is, however, difficult at all times, to avoid the quicksands of sophistry—but I will fully speak of these points hereafter. In the meantime, believe me

Truly yours,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

A QUESTION ABOUT NOTATION.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

December 21, 1844.

Sir,

May I trouble you to inform me, either by mathematical demonstration or any other decisive means, whether in the Enharmonic Scale the intervals should be as follows:

F, F sharp, G flat, G;
or F, G flat, F sharp, G.

I truly hope you will not despatch this as a common subject. I have referred to works of sterling merit without arriving at a definite conclusion. Perhaps you will kindly leave the matter open to those of your theoretical friends who may be interested in the subject.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

AN ENQUIRING SUBSCRIBER.

[F sharp is lower than G flat. Consequently the notation should be—in our opinion—F, F sharp, G flat, G. We shall be glad, however, of any communication on the subject.—Ed. M. W.]

CHURCH MUSIC.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Bradford, Yorkshire, January 11, 1845.

Dear Sir,

As I consider it the bounden duty of those who lay any claim to the title of "Church Musician" not to sacrifice the interests of the "divine art," with a view to the attainment of popularity or personal advantage, by pandering to the popular taste, I trust you will not accuse me of taking credit to myself for humbly endeavoring to carry out these principles, which I have already advocated in a work, which has frequently been eulogized in your pages—"The National Psalmist."

During the time I was organist at the parish church of Rotherham, I had to combat the united opposition of the vicar and churchwardens, because I refused to gratify their ideas of Church Music, by the performance of the popular tunes of "Rousseau's dream," "The Sicilian mariner's hymn," Cum multis aliis, &c., but with a disregard to the threats held out, I necessarily demonstrated the correctness of my position. This I principally accomplished by laying before one of the

meetings a number of letters, which I received from many of the principal church musicians in England, all approving of my line of conduct, and denying the right of either minister or congregation to interfere in the matter. A short extract from one or two may not be valueless to some of your numerous readers. Dr. Wesley, who then resided at Exeter, thus writes:—"The tunes you choose are decidedly more fitted for devotional purposes, and you confer a service on musical art by discountenancing the use of such music as you mention. Moreover, I am informed that, in law, you have a right, as you must have clearly by your musical education, to dictate on the subject." The organist of the Chapel Royal, Windsor, Dr. Elvey, says—"I consider neither the clergyman nor any member of the congregation has any right to interfere with the organist in the discharge of his duty, and I must decidedly agree with Dr. Crotch's remarks, when he says, 'It appears to me to be as much the province of the clergyman to select and fix on words without the interference of the organist, as it is that of the musician to furnish the tunes without the interference of any one.'"

After having shewn these and other opinions, I encountered no further opposition, but retained the situation until I resigned it on my removal hither. My next appointment as organist was occasioned by the munificent donation of a superb organ to St. James's Church, in this town, by Charles Walker, Esq. My opinions and feelings on the subject of Church Music condemn any attempt which may be made to degrade that branch of the science which claims as its own the honored names of Luther, Tallis, Purcell, Gibbons, Boyce, &c. &c. Believe me to remain, with many apologies for trespassing on your pages, dear sir, yours very obediently,

CHARLES D. HACKETT.

P.S.—The chanting of the Versicles (Anthems were not allowed!) and the Responses after the Commandments were discontinued by request of the minister, soon after the opening of the organ; but the organist has no power or right to interfere in the arrangement of the service.

TO BIRDS ON THE WING.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Lincoln, January, 1845.

Sir,

Could you inform me, through your valuable journal, if there are any parties formed for visiting the provinces professionally, during the approaching winter season; and, if so, who they are. By giving this information you will greatly oblige

Yours, &c.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.

[Some of our readers will perhaps be able and willing to supply the desired information, as they may probably advantage themselves for their trouble.—Ed. M. W.]

Provincial Intelligence.

BELFAST.—The "Anacreontic Society" gave a concert on the 20th ult., with great success. The vocalists were the Misses Williams, who sang charmingly, and gained several encores throughout the evening, among others was the popular duet, "Two merry gipsies," of Macfarren, which owes almost as much of its fame to those clever sister-artists as to its own intrinsic prettiness. Mr. Malcolm and several members of the Society afforded efficient assistance in the vocal department. Mr. Murray played a violin solo with great talent; and the deservedly eminent Mr. Pigott, of Dublin, performed, in masterly style, a solo on the violoncello. Beethoven's C minor symphony, and overtures by Mozart, Auber, and Rossini, were given by the band, under Mr. Murray, with spirit and precision.

Huddersfield.—Our local Choral Society gave a concert in the Philosophical Hall, on Thursday, 19th December. The evening's entertainment consisted of Romberg's "Song of the Bell," a selection from Handel, &c. The solo parts were sustained by Mrs. Sunderland, Messrs. Mellor, L. Peace, Calvert, and Wilkinson. Mrs. Sunderland was most effective in the solos allotted to her. Mr. Wilkinson sang "Oh Lord, have mercy," with feeling, until he came to the middle of the last movement, when he got somewhat out of his depth. The band played Haydn's *Surprise* efficiently. The choruses, chiefly from *Solomon*, were well sustained. Mr. Charles Horn conducted the orchestra in his usual able manner; and the whole went off with considerable applause. Miss Edney and Miss Thornton will be the next musical attractions here.

LEEDS. (*From our own Correspondent.*)—This town has been unusually favored by the visits of metropolitan vocalists, during the last two months. In addition to the two Italian parties, with the *élite* of the Opera company, Henry Russell gave two entertainments—the first of which was unsatisfactory, on account of Templeton's visit on the following evening, with an unusual attraction for Leeds, viz. a sixpenny gallery—by adopting the same system, in self defence, Henry Russell was rewarded with a bumper for his farewell night. Templeton's success was also unqualified. The Leeds Choral Society gave their second concert on the 16th instant (December), when Haydn's *Seasons* was performed; the solo singers were Miss Graham (of London), and Messrs. Cawthra and Jackman, of the choir of the parish church—Dr. S. S. Wesley conducted. There was a faltering and hesitation in the band, which entirely marred the overture, and this was, unfortunately, but too apparent throughout the entire performance. The choral parts were, but for the defect before alluded to, highly effective and satisfactory. The audience were by no means numerous, and the concert may be considered, in a pecuniary view, a failure—indeed, it is more than probable, despite Dr. Wesley's exertions, the Leeds Choral Society will be dissolved. On the evening following, there was one given in aid of the funds of the Leeds Church of England Library, consisting of Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, and miscellaneous songs and glees. The choruses were well up in their parts, and exhibited the effects of good training. The solo parts were creditably performed by Miss Brown, and Messrs. Cawthra and Jackman. The lady gave "Hush, ye pretty warbling choir," with great taste. Miss Graham's Scotch ballad, "Cam' ye by Athol," was rewarded by an encore. The concert was ably conducted by Dr. Wesley, who also presided at the piano-forte. Notwithstanding the performers gave their services gratuitously, the expenses of the concert will leave but little surplus for the Library. Promenade concerts are attracting unusual attention, and two rival local bands have announced their first performances. At one of them the admission, and at the Music Hall, is advertised as low as sixpence each. Mr. Edney and Miss Thornton, from London, are about to visit Yorkshire for a week, and their first nights at Bradford, Hull, and Leeds, with "Dibdin and the Sea," are announced.

GLOUCESTER.—The second of a series of four Philharmonic Concerts took place on Wednesday evening last, at the Spread Eagle Hotel, in this City, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Morgan. The first part commenced with Beethoven's symphony in D major, which was listened to with great attention, a sign of improvement in the musical taste of the Gloucesters. Mr. Morgan deserves praise for his exertions in getting up these concerts. Mr. Alban Croft's "Death of Nelson" obtained an encore. The second part opened with Spohr's overture to *Jessonda*, which in the opening movement went rather unsteadily. Mr. Morgan played a *solo* on the pianoforte with orchestral accompaniments, his own composition, which was received with delight, and also obtained an encore. The comic singing of an amateur (brother of Mr. Morgan) contributed towards the hilarity of the evening; indeed, the amateurs generally, acquitted themselves creditably. The *Buffo* duet singing of Mr. and Mrs. Alban Croft was one of the principal attractions of the evening. Mozart's overture to *Figaro* concluded this agreeable concert.

A general meeting of the subscribers to the guarantee fund was recently held in the committee room of the Tolsey, to receive from the stewards a statement of the receipts and expenditure of the late musical festival, and of the sum realized from the guarantee fund. T. Turner, Esq. one of the stewards and the treasurer of the fund, (called to the chair,) advertising to the difficulties in the way of the late festival, and the manner in which they had been overcome, submitted a detailed statement of the receipts and expenditure. The sum realized from the sale of tickets, &c. is £2,167 2s. whilst the expenditure amounts to £2,914 18s. 2d. showing a deficiency of £747 16s. 2d. £1,323 1s. 6d. was received from the subscribers to the guarantee fund, and if from this sum the deficiency of £747 16s. 2d. be deducted, a surplus of £575 5s. remains to be paid back to the subscribers. It was agreed to repay 8s. 6d. in the pound, and to present Miss Hawes, the two Misses Williams, and Miss Barrett, with an additional sum of £5 each.

BIRMINGHAM, (Jan. 2.)—Two concerts were given in the Town Hall, for the benefit of the Aged and Distressed Housekeepers. In the morning, the *Messiah* was performed, and in the evening there was a Miscellaneous Concert. The principal singers were, Misses Lucombe, M. Williams and M. A. Williams, and Messrs. Pearsall, Machin, and Bradbury—all of London notoriety. The orchestra contained about three hundred performers. Mr. Pearsall's delivery of "Comfort ye my people," was in the highest degree artistic, and convinced us that he has lost nothing of his fine voice, and gained something in good judgment and refined taste. Mr. Bradbury, in the Recitative, "Thus saith the Lord," and "But who may abide," delighted us, not only by his clear enunciation, but fine voice; nor were we less pleased with his performance of

"For behold darkness," which at once bespoke the elegant and accomplished singer—it was refinement in the highest degree. Miss A. Williams sang "There were shepherds," and "Rejoice greatly," charmingly—indeed, we do not remember ever being more pleased in the performance of the first named. Miss M. Williams, in "He shall feed his flock," and "He was despised," made more friends than ever; her pathos and deep feeling might have drawn "iron tears down Pluto's cheek," and melted any soul into sadness. Handel has seldom had a better, and very, very often, not so good and genuine an interpreter. Nor can we say less of Miss Lucombe's efforts—all seemed pleased with her feeling and musical expression; only one thing we would wish to point out, viz. her shake, at the close of which, every time she ascended to the third, instead of occasionally taking the second. Mr. Machin was, as usual, superb. His noble voice told splendidly in "Why do the nations" (though it was a little too slow for our ideas), and no less in "The trumpet shall sound." The choruses were all well done, and certainly reflect no little credit on Birmingham. The orchestra was but so so, with regard to those indispensable musical requisites, light and shade—otherwise, they nobly aided the choruses. Mr. Shargool led; Mr. Stimpson presided at the organ; and Mr. Munden conducted. In the evening, the same vocalists fully bore out our opinions of the morning's performance, in their rendering of various songs and duets. We have not room to specify, nor is it necessary, where all gave satisfaction. We regretted to see the room so thin, both morning and evening, and especially as we have cause to fear, that those for whom these performances were given, will scarcely be benefited at all;—we must live on, in the hopes of better things.

BIRMINGHAM.—The ladies and gentlemen forming Mr. Elliott's First and Second Upper Singing Schools (on Hullah's system) under that gentleman's able superintendence, recently gave a selection of sacred and secular musical performances, which were entitled to the highest praise. Including the Boys' Class, there could not be less than 500 performers. The company was numerous and respectable. The Hall was not full, but if a second opportunity be given, we prophecy it will be crammed. The profits of the meeting was liberally consigned to the fund for the establishment of public baths and places of recreation.—*Birmingham Advertiser.*

MANCHESTER.—The last concert of the "Cheetham Glee Club," took place on Monday, the 16th ult., when the following programme was presented to a full audience:—

PART FIRST.

Glee and Chorus.... "Welcome, sons of harmony".... Sir J. Stevenson.
Glee (four voices)..... "By Cella's arbour"..... Horsley.
Glee (three voices)..... "In posse, love tunes"..... Attwood.
Scene and Chorus.... "Oh, how dark and dreary".... Weber.
Quintet..... "Oh, by rivers"..... Wilson and Saville.
Trio..... "Merrily meet again"..... Macfarren.
Scene and Chorus..... "The rosy dawn"..... Winter.

PART SECOND.

Solo and Chorus.... "Tascalan's your standard".... Sir H. R. Bishop.
Glee (four voices).... "Under the greenwood tree".... Sir H. R. Bishop.
Glee (five voices).... "When winds breathe soft".... Webbe.
Madrigal..... "Let me, careless".... Linley.
Glee (four voices).... "The Lass o' Gowrie".... Ransford.
Catch..... "Let's have a catch"..... T. Cook.
Air and Chorus..... "Haste thee nymph"..... Handel.

The lady vocalists were Mrs. J. Wood, Misses Kell, Parry, and Hadfield, Messrs. Isherwood, J. Isherwood, Hulis, Walton, Sheldrick, Rafter, Chough, and Mellor, all artists of talent. We were pleased to see Mr. William Shore, Mr. Conran, Mr. Isherwood, and several well-known amateurs present. We must not close our remarks without paying tribute to the labours of the pianist, Mr. Charles Anthony, whose talents were made manifest by the efficiency with which four choruses, new to the society, were given. This is the fourth meeting since Mr. Anthony's appointment to the Cheetham Club, and we observe a decided improvement in the choruses;—to which we add our approval of his modest and judicious mode of accompanying.—*Manchester Times.*

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. Wilson gave one of his entertainments, in the Assembly Room of the Lion Hotel, to a highly respectable audience. "Saw ye my wee thing?" narrowly escaped an encore. "Lizzie Lindsay," "Mary Morison," and "Auld Robin Gray," also pleased greatly. Mr. Wilson gave the history of this song, with the Lady Anne Lindsay's letter to Sir Walter Scott, acknowledging that she herself had written it, and recited the sequel, written by her ladyship at the request of her mother. "My boy Tammy" and "Allister M'Allister" were encored; and the entertainment concluded with "There's nae luck about the house," which was beautifully sung and loudly redemanded. Mr. Wilson thanked the audience for their attention, and said he should, probably, at a future time, pay another visit to this town.

The "Musical Society" has announced that its next concert will take place at the Town Hall, on Tuesday, the 14th instant. Miss Whitnall, of Liverpool, is engaged. The programme exhibits several of the most popular productions of Bishop, Donizetti, and others.

BRADFORD.—On Monday evening, December 23, the first dress concert was given by the directors of the "Bradford Subscription Concert," which was fully attended and gave great satisfaction. The following eminent performers assisted:—vocalists, Miss Sabilla Novello and Mr. Alfred Novello. Instrumentalists, Mr. C. A. Seymour (violin); Mr. W. Lindley (violinello); and Mr. C. D. Hackett (pianoforte and conductor).

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. Templeton gave several of his entertainments during the last month, which were well attended. On the 9th he started on an Irish tour. To judge from the flattering testimonials of the press, Mr. Templeton is an immense favourite in most of the provincial towns of England and Scotland. We trust to receive equally favourable accounts from Ireland.

Foreign Intelligence.

VIENNA, (From our own Correspondent) Dec. 26, 1844.—M. Moscheles has just left Vienna, where he had the honor of being received by his old friends and the public with great heartiness. He gave three successful concerts, and played twice at court, where his reception was most flattering. He received some valuable jewels, from the Imperial Family, as testimonials of their satisfaction. Mr. Moscheles is now on his way to London. The celebrated violinist M. Prume has given three concerts—but, spite of his great talent, did not command his expences. The Court, however, liberally indemnified him for one concert, by a present in money. A very clever flautist, M. Heindl, attached to the service of the Prince Schwarzburg Sondershausen, created a great sensation by his performance of Spohr's *Scena Cantante* (Dramatic Concerto) on the flute, a feat of uncommon difficulty, which he accomplished to perfection. Benefit concerts abound in Vienna now, as at London in the height of your musical season. The consequence is that few of the migrating stranger-artists are successful in their own concerts. The resident professors forestall them by securing every Sunday in the season—Sunday being the best day for a concert. M. Pauer, a young artist, between eighteen and nineteen years of age, is now the best pianist in Vienna—he is a son of the only Protestant preacher in the city. He performed at one of the concerts of M. Moscheles, the *Homage à Handel* with the composer, and was much applauded. Balfe's *Quatre Fils D'Aymon*, which the Parisians and Londoners seem to care about so little, is playing at the *Joseph-stadt*—one of the minor theatres here—with considerable success. There is but little really good in a musical sense to be heard at the Imperial Opera (*Kaerntner thor Theater*)—the Italians have not yet arrived, and when they do come, nothing will go down but Donizetti, and his tribe of mimicing *ettis—antes—and inis*—the second-hand imitators of a man who himself lives upon the dregs of Rossini's phials. There is a great stir among the Vienna composers to get up a national opera, but they all Italianize their music to please the flimsy taste of the public—and even then they fail. One of the most favorite and one of the most hackneyed of their expedients is concluding a chorus, or concerted piece, by a long stale Italian *cadenza*, in unison, à la Bellini. The popular song composer, Proch, has produced a new opera, called *Ring und Maske*, which went in almost as soon as it came out—lingering only three nights. It well deserved its fate—its melodies are impregnated with Italian phraseology of the commonest and most insipid kind. M. V. Hoven and Kapellmeister Randhartinger are the next candidates in the field, but

it is doubtful if they will succeed much better. Strauss is still the idol of Vienna—and indeed who is there like him of his kind?—though, by the way, his son, a lad of eighteen, has just set up an opposition band—ungrateful youth! I was present at a dinner given to M. Moscheles, at Domeyer's Grand Hotel, when Strauss's band presided, and was equally delighted by the sparkling melodies, effective instrumentation, and perfect execution by the band, of the waltzes, quadrilles, and polkas performed. Overtures by Mozart, Weber, and Cherubini were beautifully played. Alas! Italian cavatinas and terpsichorean tunes completely rule the Vienna taste. The number of those who relish or patronize better music is very scanty. The compositions of Mendelssohn are scarcely known at all, and such as are known are not understood. I was present at a concert where the magnificent *Lobgesang* (Hymn of Praise) was performed in excellent style—but it hardly received a hand of applause.—How awful are the ways of providence! The Leipzig music publisher, M. Kistner, one of the best hearted and most intelligent men in existence, wrote to M. Moscheles a few days since, a letter inviting him to perform at one of the Leipzig Abonnement concerts, at the *Gewand-haus*, of which M. Kistner was one of the directors, on the 1st of January. Two pages of the letter were in the hand writing of M. Kistner—the third page was written by another of the directors, and informs M. Moscheles that the very same day the letter was written, Mr. Kistner was seized at the theatre, during the performance, with a fit of apoplexy, and expired within a few hours. So that Moscheles, in performing at the Abonnement concert, on the 1st of January, will fulfil the last expressed wish of an old and honored friend.* Moscheles will give a concert at Dresden, in a few days, and will most probably be in London at the latter end of January. I am trying to get some facts together for you, in relation to the death of poor little Charles Filtsch, which has caused a sensation here among his friends, almost unprecedented. If ever angel was in human form, it was in that of the dear little boy—who was more like a vision than a reality, and perhaps too good for this dross-defiled earth. As soon as I have collected enough to make my communication interesting I will send it you.

Your's S.

RUBINI is about retiring from his place at the head of the opera in St. Petersburg, to be succeeded by Salvi. ALOYS SCHMITT, the pianist, is bringing out a new opera at Frankfort, called "The Daughter of the Desert." THE OLD LIBRETTO of *Ondine*, the music of which was originally composed by the wonderful romancist, Hoffmann, whose score was buried in the ruins of the second theatre at Berlin, when burnt to the ground, is about to be produced at Hamburgh, with new music by Lortzing—a German ballad writer of no great merit. HASER, the author of several heavy oratorios, died lately at Weimar. Peace be to his manes—may he sleep quietly with his music! We will not say, in the words of the satirist,

"Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he
Laid many heavy loads on thee—"

but we recur to the memory of him as to the drowsy stimulations of the poppy-juice. DOHLER and PIATTI have been giving concerts at Vienna with success. BERLIOZ is getting up some grand musical performances at the *Cirque*, in the *Champs Elysees*. The orchestra is to be in the centre of the amphitheatre, and the chorus at the side.

* The death of M. Kistner is deeply deplored in Leipzig.

PARIS.—(From our own correspondent.)—M. Léon Pillet is about to retreat from the management of the Grand Opera. Three candidates are in the field to replace him. Carlotta Grisi, restored to health, is again delighting the Parisian public with her admirable talent. "*The Bohemian Girl*," of Balfé will be the novelty immediately succeeding to the forthcoming new ballet, "*Le Diable à quatre*," which is now in rehearsal. Ronconi is engaged for the opera at Madrid. Rubini has refused the terms proposed to him from that quarter. A new one act operetta, by Clapisson, is in rehearsal, called "*Les deux Bergers*." The lawyers are at work among the musicians here. There has been an action against the paper called *Le Constitutionnel*, on account of an article levelled against M. Pillet's method of directing the affairs of the opera. M. Pillet demanded the insertion of a refutatory epistle, which the *Constitutionnel* declined. Recourse was had to law, and the tribunal decided in favour of M. Pillet, and ordered that the letter should be inserted. Another process between M. Felicien David, the suddenly renowned composer of a symphony, and M. Vatel, director of the *Opera Italien*, in connection with the performance of *Le Desert*, a work about which Paris is frantic at the present time, was awarded in favour of M. Vatel, who is to pay M. David 500 francs for each performance of his symphony. It is said, however, that though *Le Desert* is publicly announced for Sunday next, M. David, the composer, has refused both his assistance and the 500 francs of M. Vatel. The first concert of the *Conservatoire* took place on Sunday. I will forward you a notice in my next. M. Halevy, (*La Juive*), has been elected president of the *Société des beaux arts*; he was vice-president in 1844. The first meeting of the *Association des artistes musiciens* will take place next Sunday. M. Maurice Bourges,* one of the secretaries, will render an account of the operations of last year; after which, a fifth of the members of the committee will be re-elected, or replaced by new members. The programme of the grand musical festival for Jan. 19, under the direction of Hector Berlioz, to take place in the *Cirque Olympique*, at two o'clock, is as follows:—PART I. Overture, *Carnaval Romain*, Berlioz—Chorus from *Atys*, Piccini—Fragments from *Requiem*, Berlioz—Fantasie, violin, Haumann. PART II. Overture, *La tour de Nice*, Berlioz—Scene from *Alceste*, Gluck (by Mad. Eugénie Garcia)—Chorus from *Orpheus*, Gluck (solos, by M. Ponchard)—*Concerto* in E flat, Beethoven, performed by M. Halle—Hymn to France, Berlioz. Auber's new opera will be produced at the *Opera Comique*, in less than six weeks. Leopold de Meyer has arrived in Paris.

M. M.

Miscellaneous.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—A second trial of the chamber compositions of members took place on Friday morning, at Erat's Harp Saloon. A pianoforte quartet, with violin, viola, and violoncello, by Mr. Charles Horsley; a quintet, ditto, with double bass, by Mr. Henry Westrop; a trio, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by Mr. Henry Wyld; and a sonata for pianoforte solo, by Mr. Walter Cecil Macfarren, were tried on the occasion. A vocal duet, by Mr. H. Brinley Richards, was also rehearsed. The first *soirée* of the second series occurs to night.

* A clever contributor to the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

THE SILENCE OF NATURE AND THE TONES OF MAN.—(From a Correspondent.)—Nature, after all, in its general and quiescent state, is silent, mute. In certain places, this muteness is overwhelming, awful. To stand on a quiet day upon some pinnacle of the Alps, will impress us with strange, with peculiar feelings. Whilst the eye is ranging over an immense expanse, over objects endless in variety and gorgeousness, illuminated by the most varied tints and colours; we still find ourselves overwhelmed by the feeling of solitude, everything around us being mute. But this Silence of Nature we meet in places less sequestered, even amongst Nature artificial, if we may so term it. Pacing through our fields in a serene summer's-night, a certain sublime, holy quiet surrounds us—still, it is muteness after all. Nature has no tones, but operates and completes her grandest schemes silently. But sound, vibration, seem innate in the human mind, indispensable to the human mind; man can almost not enjoy, not be made joyful, without uttering tones, without demanding tones. The earliest records of mankind shew their endeavours to spread tones over Nature. Thus, even in the arid plains of ancient Egypt, the *Memnonium* was made to greet the rising sun with its mysterious tones. But modern times have proved to us Europeans, that sounds can even be extracted from rocks, and thus there is even some prospect, that a future race of man will be thereby enabled, to pour tones most powerful over the Silence of Nature. It may be stated for the information of those, not versed in oriental literature, that the *Rock-Harmonicon* is no recent discovery. The sounding properties of stone have been known, and even applied to musical purposes, by the Chinese, thousands of years ago. Pliny mentions this fact, most explicitly, in the portion of his work devoted to minerals. Some short time since, a sort of organ was constructed in Holland, the tones of which reach to the extent of several miles. Taking these things into consideration, it is to be hoped that at some future time, the agriculturist and the gardener will not traverse the fields, and pursue their daily labor in that silence, which surrounds him now. A new era of history is dawning on the horizon, and any one may be excused, who anticipates the aspect and features of that mysterious future. J. L.

MR. BRAHAM gave a concert in the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday evening week, which did not attract so full an auditory as the merits of our greatest vocalist ought to have commanded. The selection comprised some of the most popular of Mr. Braham's efforts, and numerous encores took place during the evening. The veteran seems to be gaining renewed strength every year, and the delight he affords his hearers is as vivid as of yore. His masterpieces were "*Total Eclipse*" and "*Adelaida*." Mr. Braham's two sons, Charles and Hamilton, were in good voice, and are fast rising in public favour. The dramatic music of the evening was ably accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Howard Glover.

THE "*JUIF ERRANT*" AND A SET OF QUADRILLES.—The following letter has been addressed by the celebrated Eugene Sue, to M. Patrice Valentin, who has honored him by the dedication of a set of quadrilles:—

It is only to day, Monsieur, on my return home, after an absence of some days, that I receive the charming piece of music you have done me the honor to dedicate to me. Though I am unfortunately unable to judge scientifically of its merits, I learn, from persons who are worthy to appreciate, as artists, your new production, that it is for you a fresh guarantee of deserved success. Need I say, Monsieur, how proud and happy I am, to think that the *Juif Errant* should have had any hand in this remarkable inspiration of your talent. (1) EUGENE SUE.

Reader—hold your sides and laugh. Suppose Milton thus epistolizing (an unknown) Jullien.

DISTRUCTION OF THE ORGAN OF ST. EUSTACHE'S CHURCH, PARIS.—We are sorry to read in the Paris Journals of the destruction of the magnificent new organ in the church of St. Eustache. It appears that our countryman, Mr. Barker (who has for some years been applying his ingenious mind to improve the organs of France) entered the instrument to rectify some disarrangement previous to the Christmas performances! that the candle slipped from his hands, rolled into a corner of the complicated machine, from which there was no extricating it, and set it on fire. The church is severely damaged, the pulpit, after a design by Lebrun, broken to pieces by people anxious to preserve the carved work, several chapels entirely disfurnished, and painted windows shattered. Mr. Charles Barker, did not escape from his perilous position without severe injury, but hopes are entertained of his speedy recovery. Mr. Barker, is the nephew and son-in-law of the celebrated artist, Thomas Barker, Esq., of Sion Hill, and was highly esteemed during his long residence in this, his native city. The organ in the church of St. Eustache was the largest in the world—Mr. Barker thought it the most complete. Mr. B. is a philosopher, and, although in affliction and difficulty (for the loss to him resulting from this sad accident is a serious affair,) there is no despondency in his mind;—many of the most distinguished savans in Paris have shown the warmest solicitude in Mr. Barker's recovery, and in this city, in which he was so well known, there has been sincere sympathy. —*Bath Herald*.

PROFESSIONAL REMUNERATION.—The following letter has been addressed, by a gentleman well known in the musical world, to the Editor of the "*Dramatic and Musical Review*."

SIR,—On the 26th of last April, a concert was given by a committee of ladies and gentlemen at Covent Garden Theatre, for which a large body of the profession were engaged to sing and play; Mr. George Stansbury being the musical director. Since that time I have never heard the subject mentioned, and, of course, my services remain UNPAID. Will you, Mr. Editor, favour me by replying to the following query? Is it because a body of ladies and gentlemen unite and give a concert, and that speculation fails, that we are not paid? Because, allow me to say, matters are more honourably arranged amongst the brethren of the profession; whether we succeed or not, we invariably pay our employees. Your insertion of this will oblige yours, very truly,

F. NICHOLLS CROUCH.

MISS DINAH FARMER and Miss Flower gave the first of three *soirées musicales*, on Monday night, in Blagrove's concert-room; which, by the way, is much improved by some recent alterations, both in appearance and in its adaptation for sound. Miss Dinah Farmer, who is rapidly advancing, played Dohler's "*Vivi tu*" Fantasia, on one of Zeitter's grand pianofortes, with spirit and effect; receiving, deservedly, much applause. She also performed, with Mr. Blagrove, a duet for piano and violin, with great success. Miss Flower sang with skill and taste, and proved herself a ballad-singer of pure feeling, in "*Terence's Farewell*." There was some good singing besides on the part of Mr. Sporle, who was encored in a very catching ballad composed by himself.—Mr. and Mrs. C. Horn, who gave, solo and in concert, two of Mr. Horn's clever compositions.—Mr. Weiss, who rendered Hatton's "*Revenge*" with energy worthy of Standigl.—Miss Fanny Cawse and Miss Lanza.—Mrs. A. Newton and Mr. Joseph Calkin. In addition to which, Blagrove and Frederick Chatterton played solos on the violin and harp in excellent style; and Mr. Jarrett executed a solo on the horn, with a purity of tone and facility of execution almost unrivalled in the present day. Signor Cittadini conducted; and the audience departed, after a very long concert, evidently pleased with their evening's amusement.

SOPHOCLES.—The permanent and increasing success of the *Antigone* has led to a royal command for the preparation of the *Œdipus at Colonus*, of Sophocles, translated by Donner, to which Dr. Mendelssohn will compose the choral music. Mendelssohn, is taking a twelve-months' rest from public appearance at Frankfort. The celebrated poet and philosopher, Tieck, is translating the *Oresteia*, of Æschylus, with a view to its stage representation.—*Athenæum*.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.—This long-standing periodical having completed its nineteenth volume, has commenced its twentieth under new and attractive outward circumstances. It is enlarged in size, and is altogether much improved in appearance. Some reformatations are hinted at in the opening address, and the present number gives evidence that a liberal and business-like spirit is exercising its influence. We are glad to find that the personalities which have hitherto disfigured its pages will be discontinued, and that a kindlier taste will prevail. With such amendments the *Musical World* cannot fail to be an entertaining and useful miscellany to those who are interested in the art which it professes to chronicle.—*Morning Herald*, January 8, 1845.

EXETER HALL.—The third performance of the immortal *Messiah* attracted the fullest audience which the "Sacred Harmonic Society" has boasted during the present season. The hall was literally crammed. The choruses went magnificently; and "Unto us a child is born," was encored with enthusiasm. The vocalists, Madame Caradori, Miss Dolby, Mr. Manvers, and Mr. Machin, were in excellent humour. Madame Caradori was encored in "Thou didst not leave," which she gave with charming taste; but we must protest against her ultra Italian semitonic *cadenza* at the conclusion of "I know that my redeemer liveth," which is against all laws human and divine. Miss Dolby was deservedly complimented by an encore for the delicious calmness with which she invested the lovely pastoral air, "He shall feed his flock." We are inclined to think she would have been similarly honored in "He was despised," but for the two long and loud notes at the end, which are neither natural nor effective. The rest of the song she interpreted with unblemished purity. Machin was encored in the trumpet song (the feeblest thing in the "*Messiah*"), in which he was admirably accompanied by young Harper, who seems to possess much of his father's talent. But the best effort of Machin was, "Why do the nations;" which, excepting the *cadenza*, was faultless. Manvers sang with deep feeling, in spite of a singular method of producing his voice, in which he is emulated by no other vocalist. We hope and believe that the society is flourishing.

MADRIGALS.—*Madrigale*, in Italian would mean, generally, lyric poetry. In speaking of the reform of the Opera in Italy, Goldoni says, that before the time of Zeno and Metastasio nothing was represented in their "*Spettacoli armoniosi*," but "*diavoli, machine, meraviglie*." Here, indeed, we might apostrophise our country with "*Mutata nomine*," &c. &c.; but in Italy Metastasio appeared and gave to the stage his *arie*, "O per meglio di dire, i suoi madrigali incomparabili, ora sul gusto di Pindaro, or su quello d'Anacreonte." Here, then it is lyric poetry; but some have defined Madrigals—wherefore, we cannot conceive—as the *epigrams of music*.

The fate of our madrigals has been a singular one. The age of their birth was the period of their maturity. They sprang into existence full-born. For nearly half a century

they charmed and animated every social circle, and sinking for more than double that period into neglect, ceased at last to be written or to be sung. About a century ago they flourished again; and again were destined to a long term of obscurity; while they now impart as much pleasure both to those who sing and those who hear them, as they did "in the golden days of good Queen Bess." And such is the fate of all good music. The wheel of fashion is perpetually revolving, loaded with the contributions of literature and art, from the bulk of which it speedily disencumbers itself, while a few stick fast to its surface, and, at certain intervals, reappear. Our madrigals have withstood the whirl of two revolutions, and are just emerging into daylight for the third time.

CERRITO.—The marriage of this charming artiste with St. Leon, the dancer and violinist, has been sanctioned by the Pope's Bull, the happy bridegroom, having been converted from the doctrines of Judaism to those of Christianity. Cerrito has bestowed all her property upon her father and mother.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER had scarcely arrived in Paris, when he was invited to a *soirée* of the Marquis Prignoli, ambassador of Sardinia. Here he met the mother of the Sardinian king, and a circle of the high aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Germain. Meyer was engaged to play only one piece, but produced so great an effect, with his *Carnival de Venise*, that he was asked for another *morceau*;—he then played his *Bajazet*, and being again entreated, seated himself a third time at the piano, and performed the *Lucrezia Borgia*. He repeated the same pieces at the Austrian ambassador's, the Count d'Appony, where he was applauded with enthusiasm. The Parisians confirm the character Meyer has elsewhere acquired, that of being an original composer, with a prodigious execution.—*France Musicale*.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY IN 1833.—It is somewhat curious to read the following extract from the notice of a Philharmonic concert, which appeared, ten years ago, in the *New Anti-Jacobin*, a journal long since defunct. A similar criticism in many respects would suit some of the concerts of the present day.

"The Philharmonic Society have shifted their quarters to the Hanover Square Rooms; the orchestra of which has been rendered sufficiently capacious to contain their magnificent band. It is a blessed escape from the filthy hole in which they have assembled for some years past, and to which nothing but absolute necessity could ever have driven them. As instrumental performances, it would be difficult to speak in terms of exaggerated praise of these concerts; but our commendations must end there: the directors are either ignorant or regardless of vocal music, and hence, are perpetually committing all sorts of ridiculous blunders. *English music of every kind they have proscribed, while the merest trash from Italy has found a ready admission.* We have often been compelled to see Attwood, Bishop, Crotch, and Cooke, appearing as the conductors of compositions in every way inferior to their own."

Of the Italian Opera, too, read the remarks of the *New Anti-Jacobin* of the same period. How applicable now—except touching the *fiscal* department, in which particular, matters have greatly altered.

"Every word of Shakespeare's often-quoted line is strictly applicable to the present state of the Italian Opera: it is indeed a

"Weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable"

affair. A *prima donna* with an unpleasant, worn-out voice, and a succession of the worst operas of an inferior school, have produced neither cash for the treasury, nor materials for the critic. And there is no hope of better things: for unless some genius arise to vindicate and restore the musical reputation of Italy, it must be regarded as extinct."

THE EOLIAN ATTACHMENT.—Manufacturers of the pianoforte have long felt that skill and ingenuity were vainly essayed to banish that woodiness of sound, and want of sustained vibration that attended the emission of its tone. "The Eolian Attachment" imparts vibratory and sustaining power, combining the rich swell of the organ with the intensity elicited from an Amati, or a Stradivarius, by a gifted violinist. By the aid of this invention, the vibration may be sustained during the execution of difficult passages, and yet is the necessary balance never destroyed. The power of the lower portion of the pianoforte may be increased to that of an organ pipe of thirty-two feet. But the principal advantage is gained in the middle region of the instrument—and here the most delicate shades of feeling may be expressed. The invention is adapted to every class of pianoforte, large or small, square or upright. Its only external sign is an extra pedal, and the slightest pressure is ample to draw forth the power. Independently of this, it is capable of yielding a variety of instrumental effects. Its advantages are manifest to us by the improvisation of M. Jules Benedict, a musician whose testimony is a sufficient warranty of its merits. It is the invention of Mr. Coleman, an American gentleman, who has devoted many years to the labour which he has so triumphantly achieved. The "Eolian Attachment" may be applied to any pianoforte in a few days, and its cost will be within the means of the myriad performers of that now universal instrument.—(*Morning Post*.)

ANTIGONE.—This lyric and tragic *chef d'œuvre* is running a triumphant career at Covent Garden Theatre, where it attracts overflowing houses. We mentioned M. Emile Laurent, in our leading article of last week, as chorus master. It should have been M. Henri Laurent, the youngest son of the lessee.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—It is rumoured that the spirited management of this elegant establishment are going to produce Mozart's Opera, *La Clemenza di Tito*, in the course of the spring. The pianoforte accompaniments to the recitatives will be replaced by an orchestral arrangement from the pen of a reputed German composer. Mdlle. Nau is re-engaged and will appear early in April. The *Italiana in Algieri* is running a successful career, and a new piece, called *Monseigneur*, owing to the admirable acting of Mr. Wallack, has made a decided hit.

A FANCY BALL, *costumé and paré, a la Française*, takes place to-night, in the concert room of the Princess's Theatre. We hear that it is likely to be brilliantly attended. A gratuitous distribution of works of art to purchasers of tickets, added to the terpsichorean attractions, which are legion, may account for the lively interest, which the anticipation of this ball has for some weeks excited. There will be a complete band under the direction of Mr. Jullien Adams, and the well known professor, Mr. Mason, will preside over the dancing arrangements, and officiate as master of the ceremonies.

ROSSELLIN.—This popular composer, one of the lions of the fashionable Parisian public of the present day, has made, we understand, an assignment of the copyright of all his future compositions to Messrs. Cocks and Co. the enterprising publishers in New Burlington Street. The style of M. Rosellen unites the brilliancy and sparkle of his master, Henri Herz, with a facility, which renders his works universally available. His name will further enrich the fine elementary catalogue of Messrs. Cocks.

SILBERBERG.—This talented and rising young violinist has announced a concert at Blagrove's rooms, to which we prophesy and wish every success. Young Silberberg lately performed at the "British and Foreign Institution," where he delighted all present.

MADAME CASTELLAN, Madame Viardot, Signor Tagliafico, and Signor Tamburini are said to be among the engagements for the ensuing season at Her Majesty's Theatre. Persiani will not be here.

THE MELOPHONIC SOCIETY have announced a miscellaneous concert for Tuesday, January 21, at Wornum's Rooms.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BRIGHTON.—Is our friendly correspondent in the land of the living? If so, why does he neglect us—especially now that we have more space for him? **MR. TEMPLETON.**—Any news will be welcome. **MR. HENRY BUSSELL.**—Is there nothing stirring in Dublin? A happy new year to our excellent correspondent, on whom we rely, but from whom we get no news. **MR. C. F. ANTHONY.**—Many thanks—the oftener we hear from him the better. **MR. J. W. HUDSON.**—His communications will always be most welcome. Any thing about the city which is the habitation of Dr. Wesley must be interesting to the readers of a musical journal. **MR. LAZARUS.**—We regret to say that his letter was mislaid, and only reaches us now—too late to be of any service to the "Fulham Amateurs" or ourselves. **MR. W. ELLIOTT.**—We are only enabled to mention, cursorily, the subject of his communication, but shall be glad to bestow more space on any future performance of the "Choral Society." **MR. C. D. HACKETT** will perceive that we are only enlarged in bulk, not in length or breadth, so that he need be in no fear of inequality of size in his bound volumes. Many thanks for his advice, however, and the kind assurance with which his letter concludes. The oftener we hear from him the more we shall be pleased. **MISS FITZHERBERT MARSTON.**—We trust that our improved appearance and altered tone will be more to the taste of our kind correspondent, and (let us hope) continued subscriber. **MR. HORNCASTLE'S** "Music of Ireland" will be reviewed very shortly. **J. L.**—We gladly insert his very interesting paper, and no less gladly should we welcome a second one from his pen. **MR. C. MC KORKELL.**—The anthem will receive early attention;—the *M. W.* will be sent regularly as desired. It is too late now to make use of the paper which our correspondent kindly sent us, but any future communication shall receive early consideration. The advertisement will receive due attention. **MISS LEY.**—We feel happy to have been in any way instrumental in forwarding the views of our fair correspondent, for whose polite letter and enclosure, thanks. The overplus will be placed to Miss Ley's credit, whereby she will be one quarter's subscription in advance. **MR. STIMPSON.**—How about music in Birmingham? And how does our friendly correspondent like us in our new dress? **MR. H. FARMER.**—We have sent his numbers as required. **M. C. SMITH** (Birkenhead).—His communication shall receive immediate attention. Many thanks for the book, which shall be sent, as desired, to Mr. Chappell. The *M. W.* will reach him regularly on Friday, henceforward. **A. and B.**—A turn, as per example enclosed to us, does not in any degree influence the time—but must be played in the first bar, so that the right accent may be given to the first note of the following. **MR. W. G. SCOTT.**—By far the best book we know on the subject in question, is that of Signor Crivelli, which is concise and moderate in price. **CROTCHET.**—We should recommend Cramer's (for an adult to begin with) to be had of Messrs. Cramer, Beale and Co., Regent Street. **MR. C. BARRETT.**—The account has been forwarded, and his communication is inserted this week. We shall be glad of further correspondence with him. **MR. W. ELLIOTT.**—His name was down among our list of subscribers—we believe by his request, per letter, which we have by us. We have no free list. Until this week we have been unable to make use of his communication, but we have now inserted the substance of it. Any further information will be received as a favor. **MR. THOWOOD** (Cambridge).—We shall make use of the substance of his communication in this or next week's number. **MRS. TOLLEY.**—We can supply our correspondent with the required volume, excepting Nos. 1 and 2. We take occasion here to say that we shall be happy to pay full price for any copies of Nos. 1 and 2, vol. 17. **MR. W. MABSHALL.**—The account was intended for Doctor Marshall. We are sorry to have troubled our correspondent by the mistake. **J. M. (Lincoln).**—We are looking out the numbers mentioned, and will let our correspondent know when we have completed them. **MR. G. M. NUNN** (Glasgow).—We could not find the advertisement referred to, so were unable to act according to the instructions of our correspondent. **MR. ALFRED ANGEL** (Exeter).—Was his enclosure intended as an advertisement?

The remainder of our correspondence will be answered next week. Several subscriptions have been received and will be acknowledged then. We entreat such of our subscribers as have received their accounts to oblige us by an early remittance, as our expenses now are very heavy. We beg leave to call attention to the circumstance that our city agent for the future will be **W. STRANGE**, Paternoster Row. Sole Publisher, **G. PURKISS**, 60, Dean Street, Soho, to whom all communications must be sent addressed to the Editor, free of expense.

TWO PAGES OF REVIEW NEXT WEEK.—These are in type but have been deferred unavoidably.

Advertisements.

THE CHIROGYMNAST;

OR GYMNAS TIC FINGER EXERCISES,

Approved of by Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, by the Institute of France, and by all the first rate Composers and Professors of Music in England and on the Continent; and adopted at the Royal Academies of Music, in every capital of Europe. For the Study of the Pianoforte and all other musical instruments.

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PRELIMINARY REMARKS. (Continued.)

To obtain the easy parting of each finger, we had to vanquish the resistance of the lateral ligaments of the first joints; to facilitate the sliding of the articulated surfaces one on the other, and to develop the action of the abducting and adducting muscles. To augment the power of elevating the fingers, it was necessary developing the extension of the muscles, and to facilitate the sliding of the tendons in their sheaths, principally that of the third finger, which is, as we have already said, confined in its action, by the tendons which it sends to the middle and the small finger. (See the anatomy of the hand.) We consider we have obtained the desired object, by means of our apparatus, on which one can practise, without fear of injury, since one can increase gradually, and at will, the difficulties of the exercise. It need not either be feared, that the use of the *Chirogymnast* will give the hand an inelegant form; on the contrary, it will acquire an elegant easy facility of action, incompatible either with stiff and harsh joints. The experimental use made of this instrument, by professors of the Piano, enables us to affirm that the practice of the *Chirogymnast*, will abridge, at least, by two thirds the time, which deprived of artificial auxiliaries, pupils devote to monotonous and fatiguing exercises which often disgust them with music, before they have acquired merely the mechanical independence in the fingers. As an author that judges of the inventions of his contemporaries, is always suspected of partiality in his opinions, we shall abstain from appreciating in their several details, the inventions known under several denominations. Let it suffice us to declare, that the *Chirogymnast* has neither in its intent, its use, or its results, any analogy with anything hitherto invented. We are happy to offer the *Chirogymnast* to the Public, First, with the guarantee of its examination and approbation by HER MAJESTY AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT—Secondly, by the INSTITUTE DE FRANCE—Thirdly, under the auspices of the first masters of the Pianoforte, Organ, Harp, Violin, Flute, &c., &c.—Fourthly, with the certified adoption of its use by the Royal Academies of Music, for its classes, in Paris, Brussels, Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Madrid, and London. We shall finish this essay, by some extracts from letters addressed to us, on the subject of the *Chirogymnast*, which we shall give in alphabetical order.

(To be Continued.)

MELOPHONIC SOCIETY, MUSIC HALL, STORE STREET,
ON TUESDAY EVENING, 21st OF JANUARY,

A MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Symphony, No. 4, 1st Movement—Mozart. Chorus, "The arm of the Lord"—Haydn. Air, "O God, have mercy." Mr. Collet—Mendelssohn. Air, "Gratias agimus." Miss Ley, (Clarinet, Mr. Key)—Guglielmi. Solo and Chorus, "Thou art our Father," Miss A. Williams—Hummel. Air, "For ever blessed," Miss Lockey—Handel. Duet, "O lovely peace," The Misses Williams—Handel. Recit. and Air, "From mighty kings," Miss Lockey—Handel. Chorus, "Sing unto God,"—Handel. Air, "The smiling dawn," Miss E. Turner—Handel. Duet, Miss and Mr. Lockey (*From Palestine*)—Dr. Crotch. Recit. and Air, "Ye guardian saints" Mr. Novello (*From Palestine*)—Dr. Crotch. New Trio, "The Grave of Moses," Mrs. C. E. Horn, Miss M. Williams, and Mr. Novello—C. E. Horn. Chorus, "When his loud voice"—Handel. **PART II.**—Overture in D—Romberg. New Cavatina (MS.), "Summer, O sweet Summer," Mrs. C. E. Horn—C. E. Horn. Canonet, "The Mermaid's Song," Miss Ley—Haydn. Fantasia, Pianoforte and Clarinet, Miss Binfeld Williams and Mr. Key. Song, "I dare not sing," Miss A. Williams—Auber. Scena, "Haste, nor lose the favouring hour," Mr. Novello—Weber. German Song, "If o'er the boundless sky," Miss Lockey—Moliere. Duet, "Lazy Moon," The Misses Williams—C. E. Horn. Song, "Know'st thou the land," Miss E. Turner—Beethoven. Round, "Hark! 'tis the Indian Drum"—Sir H. R. Bishop. Overture, "Clemenza di Tito"—Mozart. Leader, Mr. W. BLAGROVE. Organ, Mr. T. JOLLEY. Conductor, Mr. HOLDERNESSE. Doors opened at half-past seven o'clock. To commence at eight. Tickets, 2s. each, 13s.; Private Boxes, 15s., 18s., and 21s. each; may be had at the Hall, or of the principal Music Sellers. The Subscription to this Society is One Guinea per Annum, admitting the Subscriber and one Friend to each Concert. Correct Books of the Words to be had in the Rooms only, price sixpence.

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Reserved Seats, 3s. Tickets, 2s. to be had of Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent Street; Addison and Beale, 210, Regent Street; Nelson, 28, New Bond Street; Leader and Cock, 68, New Bond Street; and Keath and Prowse, Cheapside.

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TO FLUTE PLAYERS.

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